

Good Morning

S17

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

An Invitation to you— from 'GOOD MORNING'S' Mailbag—

A Letter :

Bus 213 from Station (or 10 minutes walk, near Kingston by-pass.) "Oakfield," Malden Road, Telephone: Malden 0346.

New Malden.

The Editor, "Good Morning,"
Geraldine House,
Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

Last month you were in touch with my Headquarters at London Bridge, enquiring for supplies of games for the Submarine Service, and this prompts me to write to you to say that I am always most pleased to offer hospitality to members of the Services, particularly of the Air Force and Navy, to whom we owe so much.

If, therefore, you feel there is likely to be any serving in the Department of the Service in which your paper is particularly interested who are sometimes at a loose end when on short leave, a paragraph telling of my offer might bring some pleasure to such men.

This is an attractive house, standing in two acres of garden, and has an 18-hole putting green which, if not first-class, can give much fun and interest during the summer months.

I could put one or two men up for a night or two or offer an open welcome to half a dozen for an afternoon's relaxation—any day and any time, without previous notification.

Ill-health prevents me leading an active life at business, and in offering pleasure to others I myself derive much pleasure from being able in this way to show appreciation of those who are serving us so well.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. H. RODWELL.

The Reply :

Chas. H. Rodwell, Esq.,
"Oakfield," Malden Road,
New Malden.

Dear Mr. Rodwell,

We are very pleased indeed to get your note and your offers of hospitality.

Certainly we will let Submariners know, and certainly it will be most highly appreciated.

We circulate among people far away from posts, and not very blessed in the matter of leave, but some of them are sure to take you at your kind word sooner or later.

Yours very truly,
The Editor of "Good Morning."

Comment

Here's a nice man. Why not take him at his word and jot down the address, and the telephone number, and how to get there—for next time you're around London on short leave?

These gipsies take their home with them wherever they go, and make feather dusters on the doorstep from feathers begged or bought at farms and sticks cut from the woods. It's a queer home for the youngsters—but not so queer as some of those on page 4.



Beneath the Surface

With AL MALE

"I cursed the gods, because I had no shoes, until I found a man who had no feet."—Chinese Proverb.

THERE'S no need to explain this amazingly applicable-to-all proverb. It seems to me to be the final word in the summing-up of our need for reflection before we go off the deep end in our grousing.

Not that a good grouse doesn't let off the steam of our pent-up feelings, and gives us a spot of relief. I'm all for it, now and again. What I object to is the incessant grumbling of people who have damn-all to grumble at.

In the previous war, I (like millions of others) was out of the country and did not get leave for over three years, with the obvious result that I did not have the "civilian" angle. I shared in the usual Army grouses.

Now that I am at what you might call the "civilian" end, I find myself mixing with people who (from the ex-service man's point of view) have precious little to grouse about, yet seem to find just as little to be grateful for, and I get damned annoyed with them.

The people who hate to go it means. Who are the

without a thing in the way of happiest fellows in your crew?

luxury . . . the people who sigh every time they have to wait for a bus or get into a crowded train . . . the people who appear to have to force ordinary plain food down their throats, and almost shut their eyes to prevent themselves from seeing it enter their mouths.

And almost invariably these people have no friends—or relatives in the Forces . . . they have no "Men without feet" to give their self-centered minds a jolt.

ANGER—THEN PITY.
I get hot under the collar with these do-nothings . . . and then I pity them.

They are completely devoid of all sense of proportion.

They do not know the heights and depths of life, because they have not experienced them . . . they are actually unfortunate. Surely the greatest of all good fortune is the sense of appreciation of same. . . These people haven't even lived. How can they appreciate?

You chaps spend long periods away from home and know all

it means. Who are the

happiest fellows in your crew?

. . . The guys who can only think of all the good things they NEVER appreciated when they had them, or the chaps who can say "Well, I never missed an opportunity, and I've no regrets." Which?

Almost a stupid question, isn't it?

Yet we often have to meet "the man who has no feet," before we realise the unimportance of having no shoes.

There's a lot of controversy going on about the vice dens of London, the increase in immorality and its consequent effects.

Discussing it with an old gentleman who worked in the West End forty years ago, he assured me that things are not one scrap worse now than they were then, and the previous war conditions were exactly the same as this. Seems incredible to me that it could be so, but he knew from inside information and observation, and his own experiences proved the accuracy of his statements right to the hilt.

Now, the point is this . . . Is

the uproar being made because

we in England can see our reputation for decency being exposed, or are we genuinely concerned about the vice?

A determined, ruthless effort could clear up the disgrace.

Are we so interested in saving the youth of the country, or saving the faces of those who are behind the big business? . . . and make no mistake it IS a big business.

Why not cut out the cancerous racket, regardless of exposure of those who are behind it, and those who actually collect graft from it even while they are supposed to stamp it out.

STAMP IT OUT.

It COULD be done, even though the ramifications extend to almost unbelievable people and places.

All that is required is a damn-sight more COURAGE.

And a Hell-of-a-sight less CANT.

And, in any case, I still believe that the patrons of these dens, etc., are the type who would go any place, any time, for what they want . . . and that they are in the hopeless minority.

With the emphasis on the word "hopeless."

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

SHOCKING BAD PUN DEPARTMENT

"OF COUR SCYTHE FINISHED MY DAY'S WORK!"

"WHERE TWO WHEELS SAY 'WHOA'"



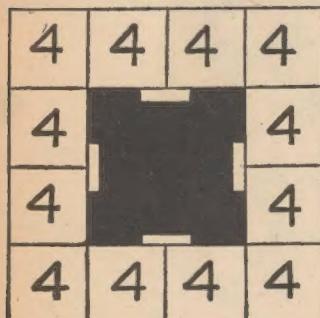
It's one of the most skilled jobs on earth—the scythemans'. They say the best of them could shave you if he wanted to—that is, if you couldn't stop him. And here's one from Welsh Wales, walking straight at you—so mind your beards, Submariners!



Ah, weel! We think the wheelwright was really wrong to do a thing like this at Downe village, near Farnborough, Kent. Someone should have spoke to him. Axeley they probably did, but he didn't care a pin, and left this cyclist in the cart!

SUNDAY FAIR

PUZZLE CORNER



GREAT SEA STORIES—No. 5

THERE have been a good many stories about the coming of the Spanish Armada, and about Drake playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. All poppycock! No look-out on the coasts of England was the first to sight that great weight of sail bearing up to subdue her.

It was a Scotsman who first brought the news to Plymouth; and he was a pirate at that.

Master Thomas Fleming was his name, skipper of a pinnace; and in those days a pinnace was a sailing craft of about 100 tons. Fleming had been down towards the coast of Spain doing a bit of business for himself—harrying Spanish ships coming in from the Indies, sinking a few sloops and generally acting the part of wasp on the body of the Spanish merchant fleet.

He did not sail under the English flag. He had his own Jolly Roger at his masthead.

THE LONE ROVER.

His reason for choosing the Jolly Roger was simple. By no stretch of imagination could he defend his highseas acts as being done for England or by command of authority. He was a lone wolf: middle-sized, wearing a slouch hat, cloak, belted doublet, jack boots and spiked beard.

Almost within sight of Land's End he was when coming on deck, his attention was directed to a blotch of darkness against the night sky. It was a small blotch and lay on the horizon line. The night was clear, the

stars were bright. Fleming swept the seas time and again trying to find out what that blotch meant.

He had heard that Spain was building a great Armada to "punish" England. He had seen some of the Spanish ships gathering near Spain; but England lay quiet and easy in mind, not realising, perhaps, the extent of the danger.

Fleming had, on his previous trip to Plymouth, warned seamen that the Spaniard meant this blow to be the final one, and meant it to be overwhelming. His words had been received with slight incredulity.

Now he shifted his helm, bringing his pinnace to bear a little eastward so that he might get a better view of this ship

that struck against the faint skyline. He did not need to sail far before he saw—and knew.

FIRST SIGHT OF ARMADA.

There, stretched across the sea behind the first blotch, was another, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and so on through a range of hard upon two leagues of seaboard.

It was the Spanish Armada on the move!

Fleming knew the ships well enough. He had seen so many tall galleons and mighty fighting ships of Spain. He had fought them, had sailed away from them, had been pursued by them. There they were, the canvas of the great galleons and huge Carracks swelling in the breeze; and they were heading for England.

Fleming swung his own tiny ship round, yelled his orders for all sail to be cracked on, and away he went hell-for-leather for Plymouth.

Thus this elderly, sour, but fine seaman threw overboard every prejudice he held against England, all sullen resentment against the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots, and other "Injustices" at the sight of the challenge that was creeping out of the night.

He knew that England might be caught without warning, if he did not carry the dread news.

The Spaniards had not seen him, perhaps because his pinnace lay low in the water, perhaps because their look-outs were not expecting such a small craft to be of any service to England.

Fleming has left it on record that he expected to be chased.

A MIGHTY HOST.

He was aware that these big ships could sail two leagues for his one, that their decks were crammed with soldiers and seamen, that their guns could carry farther than the guns of any English ship built in those days.

Moreover, they had other weapons. They had fireballs, expert marksmen perched on their masts, musketeers and armour galore.

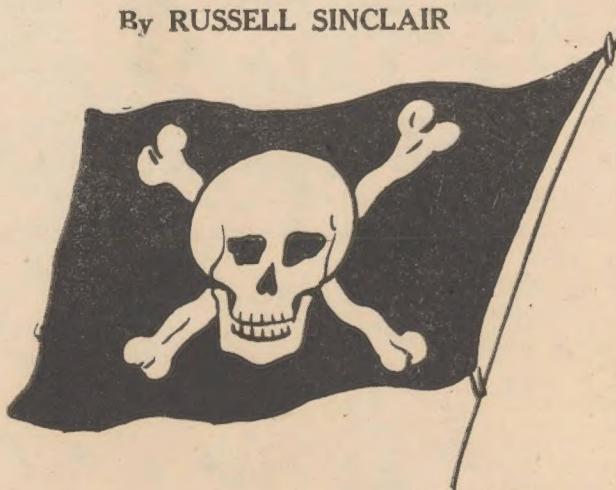
He had picked up the gossip of the coasts of Spain that the mighty fleet had sailed from the Tagus, had been dispersed by a tempest that had forced the Duke of Medina-Sidonia into the Bay of Corunna, there to refresh his men and pick up more ships.

He knew, too, that there were some English ships lying at anchor at Plymouth; but how many he did not know. Yet he did know that there could not be too many to meet this host.

During that night he sailed with every stitch of canvas his pinnace could carry—and more than every stitch. He burdened her with sail, keeping her nose ever into the seas and leaving a wash behind him that would have been dangerous in ordinary times.

When the Skull and Crossbones saved us

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR



It was four o'clock on the afternoon of July 19th that Master Thomas Fleming sailed into Plymouth Sound.

Hardly waiting to drop anchor, he had his boat lowered and himself rowed in haste to the jetty. He came up the steps in a series of bounds, ran towards the headquarters of the Lord High Admiral, Charles Howard, burst into the room and told his story.

His message was received at first in silence. At first he was thought to be a scare-monger, a person who sought by evil rumour to bring unrest and despair to the land of England.

TIME FOR ACTION.

But bit by bit, after close questioning, it was found there was no reason to doubt, no time to argue. Thomas Fleming was too old a seaman to be mistaken, too wise in the ways of the sea to be led astray.

The Lord High Admiral rose from his chair.

"Thomas Fleming," he said, "thy news is urgent, and we shall act upon it. Is there anything thou wouldest desire in return for this service?"

"Aye," replied Fleming. "Aye, there is something."

"Name it."

"It is to be allowed to sail with your fleet and strike at the Spanish Dons."

"You are welcome to that," laughed Charles Howard. "I shall need every man and every ship, no matter how small. You shall have victuals and powder."

Fleming went back to his pinnace and Lord Charles Howard went to his work.

There were but six ships of any size lying at Plymouth, but a call was sent out to all the naval men who were ashore. Before darkness that day the Admiral was ready with less than a dozen ships—a dozen ships to meet the Armada!

Others came in to join. Francis Drake may have played his game of bowls on the Hoe. Or he may not. There is nothing to support the story. The darkness fell but preparations went on. By morning more ships were ready. The word had been sent up and down the Channel coast that the Don had come at last.

IN BATTLE ARRAY.

By mid-day he was seen.

There in a whitening crescent over seven miles of sea, with flowing canvas, and hundreds of fluttering pennons, came the Spaniards with 130 ships,

manoeuvred by 19,000 soldiers, 8,450 marines, over 2,000 slaves, and 2,630 pieces of cannon. The tenders to this great fleet were loaded to their ways with a prodigious quantity of arms and ammunition, forming a big enough armada themselves.

In addition to the soldiers and sailors of the Armada, there were 180 monks of several Orders, and much of the noblest blood of Spain, all come to see and bless the defeat of England.

ODD CORNER

How's this for a nice bright game of chess? On 16th December, 1935, a Mr. Whitelock, of Scorton, Yorkshire, began a game of chess with a Mr. Carrigan, of Manoa, U.S.A. Each man was allowed 48 hours in which to make his move, after which he had to post his decision to his opponent by letter. Three weeks later he received news of his opponent's move, and so on, and by 29th October, 1936, Mr. Whitelock had made his 12th move. After lasting for three years the game was called off. Somebody wanted a break.

During the last war, Private Henry Callacher was billeted in Essex with a cheery old gentleman who liked a good, long game of cribbage. They began a "grand match of 10,000 up," and night after night they went on with this mighty contest, till at last Henry was ordered overseas.

Using every possible moment, they got the score up to 7,000, but they had to part, promising to resume play the next time they met.

A year later their chance came. The war was over, and Henry returned, but after a short interval he had to go abroad again on business. They tried playing by post, but this was wearisome, and the game lapsed for sixteen years. Then Henry came home again, and at last the game was finished. It had taken twenty years, all told!

That is how they came; but it is not how they returned, for in spite of a vastly inferior fleet in numbers, and men much fewer; in spite of small ships and lack of ammunition; in spite of everything that usually counts in sea battles—you know the story of how your forefathers thrashed the Dons and split up their fleet, sinking many, burning others, chasing the remnant up the North Sea, round the North of Scotland, and down past the Hebrides.

The coasts were strewn with the wrecks of the proud Spaniards. Their ships founded, were shot to pieces, were stranded, whipped by storm and stress—and English seamen. Only a battered, ruined few returned to Spain.

That is how England was saved. And what of Thomas Fleming, the man who saved England? He passed out of history as strangely as he entered it. What his end was is not known. But we know his service.

YORKSHIRE
MIDDLESEX
INVERNESS
CAMBRIDGE
WORCESTER
HAMPSHIRE
DUMBARTON
BERKSHIRE
WILTS

Solution to Puzzle in S16.

The Game that rains never stops

By RONALD GARTH

CHESS comes into its own in a compact place like a submarine. Maybe they're playing it in the U-boats, too, for chess is international and ageless.

One of the books Caxton published way back in 1475 was called "The Game and Playe of Chess." And, when Germany invaded Poland, representatives of the two countries were facing one another across the chessboard at the Buenos Aires Olympiad for a cup presented by an American. Despite the march of history, the game went calmly on, watched by thousands of spectators, until Germany won by 36 to 35.

These international match games are always strange affairs. Nervous, concentrated players face one another, while awed spectators tip-toe about the main floor, vainly trying to puzzle out the stratagems.

TIMED MOVES.

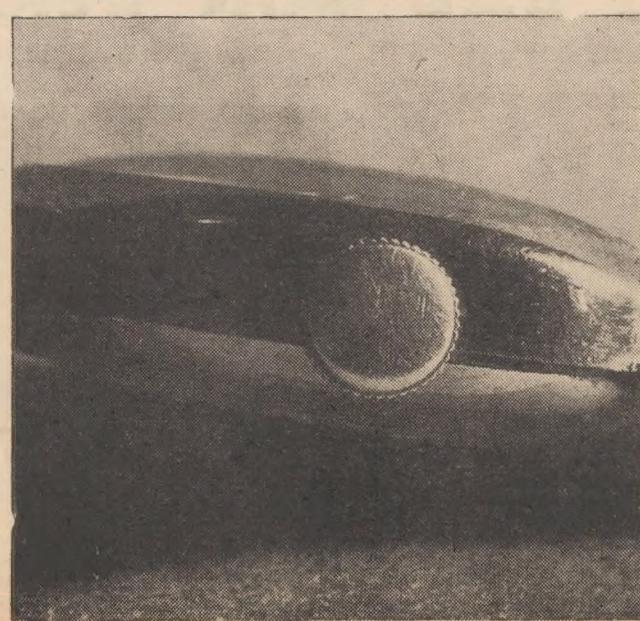
On the wall at one end of the room, large demonstration boards duplicate the moves as they are played. An amateur game may take its time, but these match games are set to a stop-watch.

Forty moves must be made in the first two hours, and twenty an hour thereafter. As most games average forty moves or less, the most determined champions rarely last out the four-hour session.

In this absorbing game, child stars can sometimes beat old-timers. Elaine Saunders, an English schoolgirl in her 'teens, kept world champion Dr. Alekhine at play longer than any of his other thirty opponents, and few boy chess enthusiasts will ever forget the desperate battle put up by a Manchester schoolboy against the then world master, Capablanca.

What Is It?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a piece of burnt wood.



"John, dear, d'you think that Captain S.' will transfer you to the Mediterranean soon?"

BUCK RYAN



KREIS THREE?
I DON'T GET IT.
WHAT EXACTLY
DOES KREIS MEAN
ANYWAY?

How in the H— can the old folks tell?

If you are one of those who believe that our old country legends and traditions—unlikely as they often seem—usually have a solid foundation in fact, then you have strong support for your theory in many surprising discoveries that have been made.

Systematically kept records are a fairly recent innovation, and handed down from mouth to mouth, it is only natural that the original reports have become greatly garbled. A variety of factors interfere with stories, and there is the greatest of all effacers—Time.

But, in spite of them all, these verbal memories of ancient events have lived on and on. The results of recent exploration, excavation and methodical observation have set the doubters scratching their heads.

For some 2,000 years a tradition persisted at Wookey, near Wells, that the nearby caves harboured a witch, with her goat and crystal. Excavations have now shown this superstition to have a definite basis of fact, for the bones of the old woman and of her goat, as well as the crystal, have all been lately found in the caves.

Those who doubt should visit Wells Museum, where the relics are preserved.

MERMAID ON LAND.

Near Hook, Hampshire, is the diminutive church of Nately Scures—third smallest in the Kingdom. Attracted to this by its smallness, the first thing that meets an observant eye is the mermaid carving on one of the stone pillars of the Norman arch at the entrance. At the old farm-house adjoining, one learns the sculpture's significance.

LOVED A MERMAID.

A villager who was engaged to a local farmer's daughter changed his occupation and went to sea. While away he acquired a fresh love, a mermaid.

On coming home, however, the man was persuaded to remain true to his betrothed, and in due course the wedding took place.

But the heartsick mermaid followed her absent lover by way of the Loddon and Lye Rivers, which flow near the church, and reached the village just as the bridal couple were leaving. The legend has it that at the sight she became petrified with grief, and remained as a fickle image to taunt the sailor with his fickle conduct.

There is no written record of any of this. You may not believe in mermaids. But the point is, the carving and village memory perpetuate what, shorn of embroidery, is probably a true local story.

Get chatty with the old folk of Watchet, near Taunton, and they will tell you that a nearby field, known locally as Battlegore, was the scene of a decisive battle in which an army of Danes was annihilated with considerable slaughter by the local braves.

There is nothing in writing to prove this; like most legends, the tale has been passed on by word of mouth. But recent explorations have established that the battle did indeed take place, probably in the tenth century, and in that precise spot.

THE BURIED CHIEFS.

There is no more permanent reminder of the presence in Britain of prehistoric man than his burial grounds. At frequent points these sepulchral mounds meet the explorer's gaze.

Either as barrows or as the larger tumuli, there are scores of these communal tombs, particularly in Wiltshire and Dorset. Many have been explored, and evidences found that a warrior would be interred prone, often with his spear and arrow-heads of bone and flint.

BURIED SITTING.

But at a later period it was the custom to place the body in a sitting posture, burn it, and cover it with earth.

Succeeding burials added to the height of the mound, until in time the tumulus would assume the size and appearance which led to its identification as an ancient burial place. There are strange tales told of some of these tombs of prehistoric man.

A legend of Flintshire relates that a figure was once seen standing at the top of a tumulus gorgeously arrayed in a coat of cloth of gold.

That the vision was not altogether without foundation was proved when, later, the mound was opened and a kind of coverlet decorated with gold was found, along with the human remains of the individual who apparently wore it.

Another mound, in Cornwall, was the object of still greater legendary thrill. Years ago, a religious recluse lived nearby. He had a pot of gold, which, like the widow's cruse, was never empty. One day the anchorite was robbed of the gold.

Tainted Gold.

The thief was identified after he had been killed in an accident shortly afterwards, but no one would touch the gold, and the hermit was eventually buried with it, the mound being raised over him where he lay.

GOLD IN THE TOMB.

Years later, excavations disclosed a pot of gold in the mound.

Although precious metals and stones were habitually buried with the ancient Egyptians, gold is an almost unheard-of discovery in the tombs of the early Britons—a fact which seems to point to the hermit legend as yet another extraordinary instance of the persistence of racial memory.

KREIS IS A GERMAN MILITARY WORD MEANING ZONE, AREA OR CIRCLE. THE GEHEIME STAATSPOLIZEI IS DIVIDED INTO THREE CIRCLES. KREIS I CONTROLS INTERNAL AFFAIRS. KREIS II DEALS WITH FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND SUPERVISES KREIS I AND KREIS III IN TURN —

SUPERVISES THE OTHER TWO. KREIS III HAS A SECRET PERSONNEL WHICH IS SO SECRET THAT THEY OFTEN FIND THEMSELVES SUPERVISING THE SUPERVISORS BY MISTAKE. SUCH IS THE SWEET, TRUSTING, HARMONIOUS LIFE OF NAZISM, VICO!

IF THAT'S HOW HITLER CONTROLS HIS HERREN VOLK WHERE DO THE VOLK FIND THE JOY IN HIS "STRENGTH THROUGH JOY" MOVEMENT?

I DUNNO. PERHAPS THEY ARE FORBIDDEN TO READ OLD LINCOLN'S PHILOSOPHY ABOUT FOOLING PEOPLE?

WELL, THINK I'LL PASS AS A SCHUTZSTAFFEL-MANN, DRITTE KREIS, HERR RYAN?

YES, BUT NOW WE MUST PRACTISE THE HEEL-CLICKING AND THE NAZI "PLEASE. TEACHER" SALUTE

HOFFMANN AND EILERS HAD INSTRUCTIONS TO SEARCH THIS AREA AND KEEP IN TOUCH WITH TROOP H.Q. IN AJACCIO

BUT HOW? THERE ARE NO PHONES FOR MILES AROUND

THAT'S FINE. THE SS. OBERFÜHRER WON'T EXPECT HOFFMANN OR EILERS TO PHONE OFTEN. WE WILL PHONE NOW AND AGAIN JUST TO LET THEIR CHIEF KNOW THAT THEY ARE STILL ALIVE AND ZEALOUSLY HUNTING US

After bidding farewell to the Shepherd and his wife, Ryan and Vico leave the bandits' mountain hide-out for Ajaccio

I'M GOING TO MINCE EVERY NAZI I GET HOLD OF INTO HIS NATIVE 'GRIEBENWURST' SAUSAGE MEAT.

BUCK

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, VICO. BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY. WE MUST EXERCISE COLD, CALCULATED CUNNING AND USE THESE SCHMEISSER PISTOLS WITH CAUTION

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Ryan and Vico are strolling along the quay-side in Ajaccio when a van pulls alongside

HMM, A GARAGE! IT'S A GERMAN RADIO OUTFIT

FIRST RIGHT. SECOND ON THE LEFT... WHAT BRINGS YOU TO CORSICA?

WE'RE MAKING A RECORDED PROGRAMME FOR A WORKERS BROADCAST. YOU KNOW—THE OLD 'PEP' STUFF —

OH, JA, JA. I GET IT—THE OLD "NEW ORDER" STUFF! WELL—SO LONG

SO LONG, MEIN HERR

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK INSIDE THAT RADIO RECORDING VAN, BUCK. I USED TO BE IN THAT BUSINESS

YOU SHALL, VICO. WE'RE GOING TO USE THAT OUTFIT AS SOON AS WE GET IN TOUCH WITH ROXANE—

WELL—SPEAK OF THE DEVIL—

LOOK!

DAMN MY EYES IF IT ISN'T ROXANE! GOSH, SHE'S A FAST WORKER. I WONDER IF THAT'S THE KREISKOMMANDANT—with a window in his face?

IT MUST BE. ONLY A LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER IS PERMITTED TO USE A CAR THAT SIZE IN WAR TIME

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I WONDER WHERE THE KREISKOMMANDANT IS TAKING ROXANE?

THE CAR TURNED UP HERE DIDN'T IT, BUCK?

LOOK, IT'S JUST DRAWING AWAY FROM THE KERB AND ROXANE ISN'T IN IT!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE ANSWER, VICO. SHE'S JUST HAVING HER HAIR PRIMPED AND KINKED.

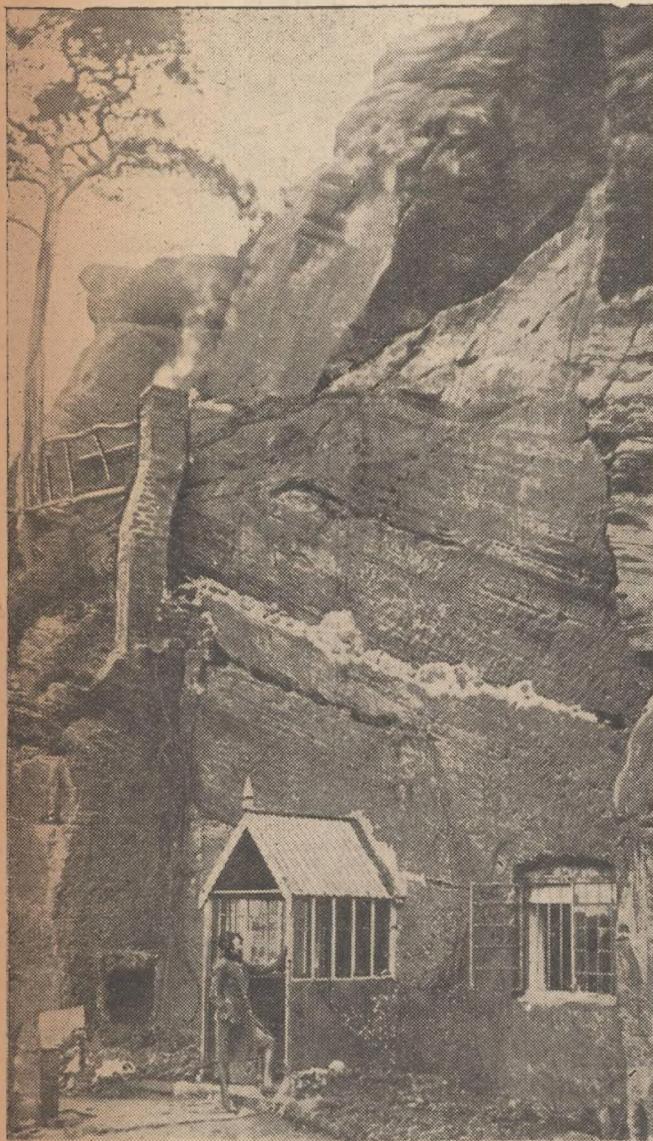
WELL—WE CAN'T GO INTO A DAMES SHOP

YOU FORGET THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NAZI STATE POLICEMEN, VICO AND, AS SUCH, CAN POKE OUR UNWELCOMED NOSES INTO ANY PLACE. COME ALONG—JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!

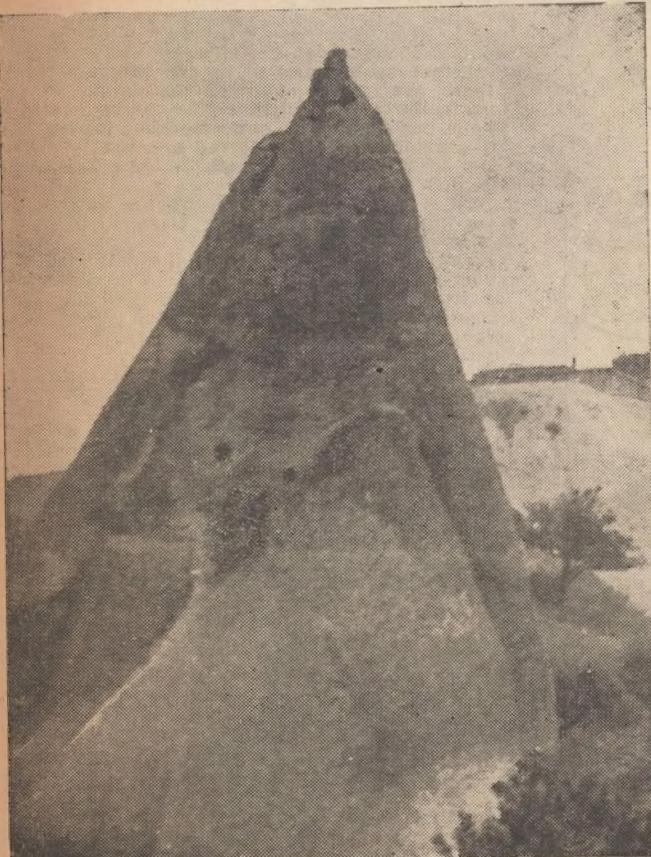
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THEY LIVE IN STRANGE HOUSES

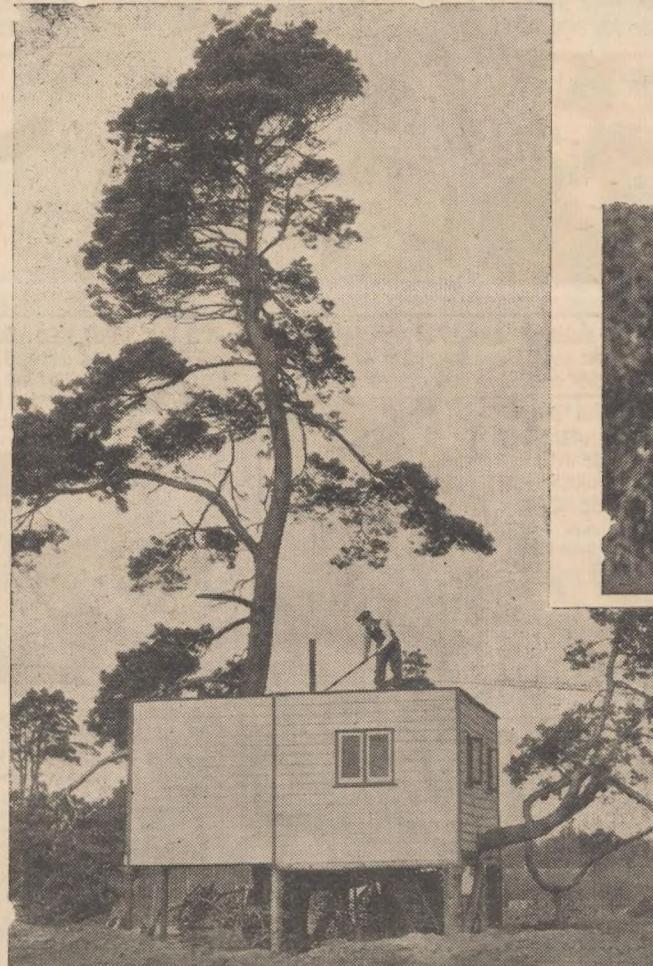
A man in a story by G. K. Chesterton had visiting cards with the address, "The Elms," Clapham Common. When the police tried to find him they couldn't find a house of that name, and reported he was using a fictitious address. But all the time the man was living in a little wooden house high up in the trees. It is not so fantastic as it sounds. Some people like to live in strange places. It gives them a kick to think that they've got a house different to anyone else. Here are a few queer houses.



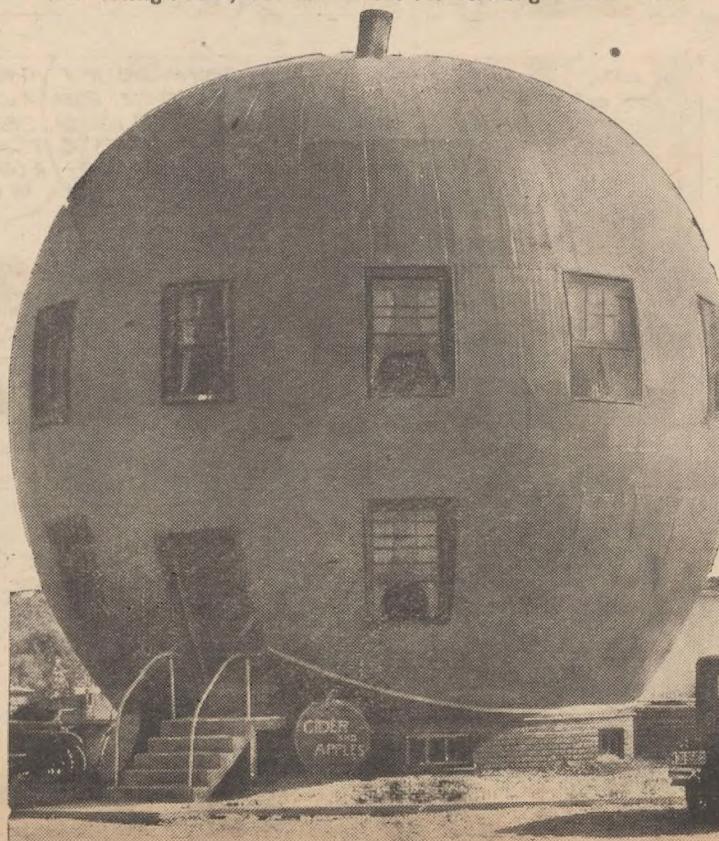
The first tenant of this cave dwelling at Kinver Edge, near Stourbridge, was probably a hairy little man with a club who went hunting prehistoric animals. Nowadays, with porch, window and chimney added, it is a good place to be in during air-raids.



A man-made ant-hill used as a house in a village of southern Italy. Looks like a large-scale one-man bomb shelter, but it wouldn't take much of a bomb to bring it down.



"Upatree" is the appropriate name for this wooden house built on to a 300-years-old pine tree at Finchampstead, Berks. It's not everyone who likes a tree trunk in the sitting-room, but it's useful for striking matches on.

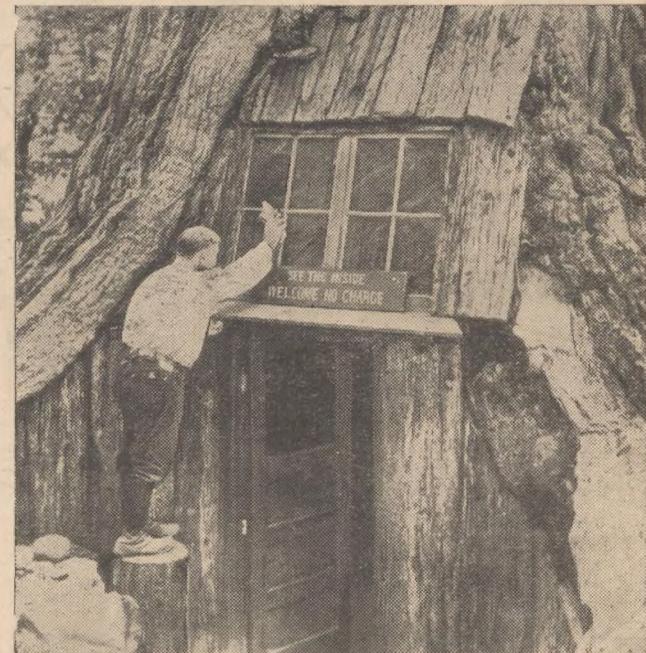


Scooped and burnt out of the bole of a 250-foot high-redwood tree in California by Red Indians, this one-room house has been lived in for hundreds of years.

The proprietor of this hotel at Missouri, U.S.A., makes a speciality of apples and cider. He wanted everyone to know it—and he has. The guests feel a bit like weevils, but they say the landlord is sound to the core.



"The House on Crutches," at Harlow, Essex, is said to be the smallest house in England. Three hundred and fifty years old, the upper part is supported by elm trunks.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lummy, not even room to whip a ship's cat round"

